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ADDRESS  
OF  
CAPT. JNO. M. LEMMON,  
OF CLYDE, O.,

DELIVERED AT THE  
REUNION OF THE SEVENTY-SECOND  
O. V. I.,

HELD AT  
*FREMONT, O., JUNE 17th, 1875.*

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1876.

ADDRESS

OF

CAPT. JNO. M. LEMMON,

OF THE  
U. S. ARMY

AND

—

1874

NEW YORK



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ADDRESS OF  
CAPT. JOHN M. LEMON,  
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FELLOW-COMRADES:

The war created us a fraternity. We meet in these annual gatherings because in our soldier relations we became friends. —a fraternal feeling grew up among and between us, and it can be truly said of the Seventy-second Ohio that no regiment had among its officers and soldiers fewer feuds, fewer quarrels and more genuine friendships.

We meet to talk of ourselves and our deeds, to congratulate and be congratulated. We are not *vain-glorious*. We do not unduly parade our acts or valor. But as men have ever done before us,—as fellow-sailors on a ship,—as members of one craft,—as travelers in strange lands,—as such as these when met, recite the scenes, the trials, the dangers, the triumphs through which they have passed—so do we meet to review the trials and triumphs through which we have passed.



It is well that we do so. We are made better by it. We like one another better afterwards. And it would be strange if among a regiment of men, all intelligent and observing, who have travelled by rail and water and the tedious march over nine States, and in all more than 10,000 miles,—who have faced with unflinching valor the deadly hail of battle—who have endured the pestilence of the camp, and many of whom have languished in prisons, starving and naked, for months—it would be strange, I repeat, if such a body of men had no tales to unfold—no stories to tell! And how fit it is we should meet on this day—the One Hundredth Anniversary of Bunker Hill, when American valor, animated and upheld by the spirit of liberty, made itself first known and felt.

It is now more than ten years since the war closed, and the soldiers returned. During these ten years almost innumerable reunions of Union soldiers have been held, and in almost every town and city in the North,—and I esteem it the proudest claim in behalf of the citizen-soldiers of the Union, that not only on the first return of the soldiers did they at once resume the walks and pursuits of peace, but since, though frequently met together, they have never in one instance broken the public peace, nor demanded for themselves any exclusive privilege or special reward.

The men who went to the front in the Seventy-second went for no mercenary purpose, but from the best and noblest motives. Our worthy commander left a lucrative law practice where he had gained honor, distinction and fortune, and not only this; he left a home and family and every comfort; and these he freely exchanged for life in a tent and in the field, with few comforts and no luxuries; but what was true of him was true in a large measure of all.

The men of the Seventy-second were recruited from the very best blood of the country. In no particular was the condition of one man bettered. It was a sense of duty and a perfect readiness to make any needed sacrifice for country, that caused such men to put their names to the enlistment roll. It was the same patriotic spirit that was so nobly exhibited by Putnam, Prescott, Stark, Reed, and Joseph Warren, and the men under them, at Bunker and Breed's Hills one hundred years ago to-day.

On October 2d, 1861, Ralph P. Buckland was commissioned by Gov. Dennison to recruit the Seventy-second O. V. I. On January 18th, 1862, Col. Buckland left Fremont, and next day reported, with his regiment at Camp Chase. There Co. K was broken up and distributed among the other companies and a



company under Capt. Theo. M. Thompson, from Cincinnati, O., assigned to the regiment. This company was originally recruited for the Fifty-third Ohio.

The roster of officers, when the regiment was completed, was as follows:

Col. R. P. Buckland, Fremont, Ohio.

Lieut-Col. Herman Canfield, Medina, Ohio.

Maj. LeRoy Crockett, Seneca County, Ohio.

Adjutant E. A. Rawson, Fremont, Ohio.

Quartermaster D. M. Harkness, Bellevue, Ohio.

Surgeon, J. B. Rice, Fremont, Ohio.

Assistant Surgeon, Wm. Kaull, Tiffin, Ohio.

A Co., Captain, C. G. Eaton, Lieutenants, Henry Gifford, and Spencer Russell.

B Co., Captain, George Raymond, Lieutenants, H. W. Buckland, and W. T. Fisher.

C Co., Captain, S. A. J. Snyder, Lieutenants, M. T. Williamson, and D. W. Huffman.

D Co., Captain, A. Nuhfer, Lieutenants, M. F. Fowler, and Jesse Cook.

E Co., Captain, J. H. Blinn, Lieutenants, C. D. Dennis, and W. A. Strong.

F Co., Captain, LeRoy Moore, Lieutenants, A. F. Rice, and J. B. Gilmore.

G Co., Captain, Jas. Fernald, Lieutenants, W. C. Bidle, and J. H. Poyer.

H Co., Captain, Michael Wegstein, Lieutenants, A. Young, and Andrew Kline.

I Co., Captain, Jacob Fickes, Lieutenants, Alfred Bates, and James Donnell.

K Co., Captain, T. M. Thompson, Lieutenants, W. H. Skeritt, and C. F. Goshorn.

Of these forty commissioned officers, four were killed or mortally wounded in action, viz.: Lieutenant Colonel Canfield, at Shiloh; Captain Wegstein, at Shiloh; Lieutenant Gifford, at Shiloh; Captain (then Major) Rawson, near Tupelo; and two died of disease, viz.: Major (afterward Lieutenant Colonel) Crockett, and Lieutenant Gilmore, while in the service.

Many resigned on account of disease and for other causes, viz.: Quartermaster Harkness, Surgeon Wm. Kaull, Captain Raymond, Lieutenant (then Captain) Russell, Lieutenant Fisher, Captain Blinn, Lieutenant Rice, Captain Young, Lieutenant Poyer, Captain Fickes, Lieutenants Bates, Goshorn, Cook, Fowler, Strong, Dennis, Kline and Donnell.



There were numerous promotions: Colonel Buckland was made Brigadier General in 1862 for gallantry at Shiloh. Our regiment had become so diminished in numbers that we were not entitled to a Colonel, and never had one after his promotion. Major Crockett was made Lieutenant Colonel *vice* Canfield. Captain Eaton was made Major and finally Lieutenant Colonel, succeeding Crockett. Adjutant Rawson was made Major, succeeding Eaton. Captain Snyder became Major, succeeding Rawson. Wm. Caldwell was made Assistant Surgeon in place of Kaull. J. W. Watterson became Quartermaster on the resignation of Harkness.

Time will not allow me to specify all the promotions in the line. They were numerous;—most of them are included in the list of names I herewith present to your Secretary, and taken from a record in possession of Colonel Eaton, which he kindly furnished me.

Several of our officers have died since they left the service: Captain Putman quite recently, June 4th, 1875. Lieutenant Watterson died at Clyde, on November 28, 1868. Lieutenant C. L. Hudson, at Fort Clark, Texas, on January 5th, 1874. Captain George Raymond, at Toledo, April, 1875. Captain H. W. Buckland, March 30th, 1869, in this city. There may be others, but I cannot now recall them.

Space and time forbid that I should attempt to give a list of non-commissioned officers.

If it were possible I should have given a complete list of our dead, but in the limited time since I was assigned to deliver this address, I have been wholly unable to prepare it.

You will bear me witness that during the four years of our service the Seventy-second Ohio was never found wanting. It always did *fully* the duty assigned to it. It enjoyed the respect of all soldiers who knew it. More, it was held in special esteem by its brigade, division, corps, and army commanders.

No position was so responsible—no post so dangerous—no service so difficult but the Seventy-second was counted adequate to undertake it.

Nor was the charge of cowardice ever brought against our regiment nor any of its officers, and in every engagement through which it passed, it was unfaltering—true to its colors and country, but above all true to itself.

For court-martial we furnished few subjects. While we did pretty much as we pleased, we had very perfect discipline.

Of our marches, sieges, battles and skirmishes, I cannot speak in very great detail. We left Camp Chase February 18th, 1862, by rail for Cincinnati, O., where we embarked on steam-





boat for Paducah, and disembarked there on February 19th. Only five companies had then received their arms. The balance were armed at Paducah with Enfield rifles. We remained at Paducah until March 6, 1862. During this time General Sherman organized his division, and our regiment became a part of the fourth brigade; Colonel Buckland commanding.

Time and facilities for drill had so far been very limited. Some of the officers had hardly learned the manual of arms.

On March 6, 1862, we were embarked again on the old "Telegraph," and Sherman and his division headed up the Tennessee.

Some of us perhaps felt a little nervous at being placed in the command of "Crazy Bill;" but we soon learned that if Sherman was crazy, he was crazy in the right direction. We found him a vigilant, active and tireless commander, full of regard for his men, love for his country and zeal for the cause in which he had drawn his sword.

On our way up the Tennessee, we passed Fort Henry; and at Savannah, Tennessee, we disembarked for drill. Our regiment was part of the advance which under Sherman moved up the river near East Port, disembarked and made the attempt to reach and destroy the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, but were prevented by floods and swollen streams.

March 18, 1862, we were disembarked at Pittsburgh Landing, and soon after went into camp at Shiloh church, a very rude log building in the woods. On March 25-6, Colonel Buckland, under orders from Sherman, made a reconnoissance with his brigade, and went as far as Monterey; where the rebel pickets were encountered and shots exchanged.

On April 4, 1862, our pickets were attacked by rebel cavalry, and Colonel Buckland ordered company B, under Captain Raymond, to support the pickets, and to drive back the cavalry. The company went out with forty men; it engaged and drove back the rebels and pursued them some distance. When some two miles from our picket line the rebels were reinforced, and then, some four hundred strong, turned upon and quickly surrounded the little band of forty, who bravely fought the four hundred for over one hour. Meantime company H, under Lieutenant Young (Major Crocket being with it), went to the relief of company B; but it fell in with other rebel cavalry. Major Crocket was captured and the company overpowered and driven back. Colonel Buckland became alarmed for the two companies, and himself took companies A, D and I, about two hundred men, and went to their relief.

He came up and charged the rebel cavalry that had surrounded company B, and drove it quickly from the ground. Company



B lost James Titsward, mortally wounded—being the first man of the Seventy-second, shot by the enemy. Charles Bennett was severely wounded; L. P. Kennady, M. Swartzlander and Zack. Henrick, slightly. Company H had John Oblinger, G. H. Gesner, Nicholas Huber and Joseph Youngle wounded, and Andrew Uncle and Phillip Fertig missing.

This was our first fight, and tested our mettle. It demonstrated what was so often demonstrated after—the intrepid valor of the Seventy-second.

On April 6th and 7th came Shiloh and its carnage, its thirty-six hours of constant strain, excitement, hopes and fears. I doubt if in all the annals of war, more stubborn bravery, more determined valor, more prolonged endurance, more unyielding and unconquerable purposes, were manifested by men than the men of the Seventy-second exhibited at Shiloh.

So far as the Seventy-second Ohio was concerned, and so far as concerned Buckland's brigade, Shiloh was not a surprise. We were in line of battle long before the conflict came. We fought several rods in front of our color line, and we maintained our line. Not once did it waver; not one foot did it give way. For two terrible hours did Buckland's brigade, with the Seventy-second on the right, hold its ground and repulse successive and desperate assaults of greatly superior numbers of the enemy. Here fell our Lieutenant Colonel Canfield, mortally wounded, a modest, true, brave man as ever drew sword for his country; and Captain Wegstein, shot dead at the head of his company, and Lieutenant Gifford, mortally wounded, and Chet. Buckland, a mere boy, full of promise, who left college to serve his country, and many, many others, so noble and so brave. I remember that of my own company (B) not less than 21 brave boys out of 60 that went into that battle were killed and wounded. The loss of the regiment in this battle reached a total of 120 officers and men. The loss inflicted on the enemy by Buckland's brigade was great. In his official report, Gen. Buckland estimated the rebels killed in front of his brigade at 200, and says: "The number of wounded must have been immense." In front of the position occupied by the Seventy-second, 85 of the enemy's dead were found.

After Shiloh our regiment formed part of the right wing in the siege of Corinth, and did its full share of building earthworks, felling trees, picketing, skirmishing and fighting. No one who did not witness it would realize the vast labor performed by the soldiers in that "siege," or advance. The army constructed seven distinct lines of breastworks. Not mere ride pits, but well planned and substantial, with trenches five to eight



feet wide, and twelve to fifteen miles in length, each. And all this was done by soldiers, much of it under fire, and at all times arms were stacked close at hand, ready for fight.

After the evacuation of Corinth the Seventy-second stopped a short time at Chewalla, then went to Moscow and there formed part of an expedition to Holly Springs, and finally, in July, 1862, reached Memphis, Tennessee. The men and officers presented a decidedly "seedy" appearance when they marched into this gay and rebellious city. If not dirty, they were certainly ragged and saucy. At Memphis we remained until November 25th, 1862, making one scout of four days early in November, and had the longest rest and the easiest time of our whole service. It is easy now to see the mistake made by the military authorities by this delay. Had we pushed vigorously on after the rebels after Corinth, 1862 might have ended the war.

November 26th, 1862, we left our snug quarters and brick cabins in Fort Pickering, and became part of the right wing of Grant's army in the march for Jackson, Miss., or Vicksburg. We passed the Tallahatchie, camped and made cornmeal at Bowles' mill, and when Forrest cut the railroad in our rear turned back toward Holly Springs, kept on to La Grange and Moscow, and early in January, 1863, made our grand six days march all alone via Bolivar and Camp No. 5 to Corinth, and there endured more suffering than at any other place in our service.

We reached Corinth Wednesday, January 14th, 1863, and left by rail January 31, 1863, and reached White's station 10 P. M. Here our command, under our able and apt engineer—Eaton—built Fort Pecksniff.

Friday, March 16th, 1863, we broke camp, marched to Memphis, eleven miles, and embarked on the Champion for "down the river."

Next day went, stopping at Hell's Half Acre, four miles below Helena, where we remained until 28th March, when we were compelled to evacuate by high water and embarked on board the Lady Franklin, having, in the meantime, been transferred to Gen. McPherson's (Seventeenth) corps.

On March 30th we debarked fifteen miles below Providence, at Transylvania Landing, Louisiana. At 2 P. M. next day we decamped, took same boats we got off, and started for Young's Point, opposite Vicksburg.

April 1st we passed up to Duckport, and went into camp and began the digging of the Duckport Canal. Monday, April 20th, Adjutant General Thomas reviewed our division and announced the settled policy of the Government on the negro question.





Tuesday night, April 22-23, the gunboats and transports ran the rebel batteries at Vicksburg, and afforded us one of the grandest scenes produced by any war.

March 2d we began the march through Louisiana, passed Richmond and Roundaway Bayou, and on May 5th reached Perkins Landing, on the Mississippi. On the 7th May reached the landing opposite Grand Gulf, and crossed into Mississippi same day. On May 8th began our march on Jackson. On May 14th we were in the advance, and entered Jackson, after a heavy skirmish, at 4 P. M. May 18th we reached the rebel works at Vicksburg, and on May 22d participated in the grand and unsuccessful assault on Vicksburg. June 23d we went to the rear, on Bear Creek, to watch for Joe Johnston, who was expected to make an effort to relieve Vicksburg. July 4th came the surrender of Pemberton's army, and we all felt that glorious joy and pride that only those who had endured what we had endured could fully understand. July 10th Jackson was invested a second time, and captured July 17th, our boys being the first to enter the rebel works. July 19th we reached Brandon, Miss., after a brisk skirmish, and next day returned to Jackson, and soon after to Bear Creek, and went into camp. In November, 1863, the regiment came back to Memphis, and moved to Germantown and went into camp. December, 1863, the greater portion of the men with the regiment re-enlisted for the war.

None of us will ever forget our Christmas and New Year's, 1863, at Germantown. February 6th, 1864, we formed part of an expedition to Hickahala Creek, Coldwater, Senatobia and Wyatt's Ferry—a demonstration in favor of W. Sooy Smith's cavalry expedition to Meridian, returning on February 18th. Wednesday, February 24th, the veterans took the John D. Perry for Cairo, on veteran furlough, and reached Fremont on the following Sunday. On our return to Memphis we were stopped at Cairo and sent to Paducah. April 12th, to protect that place from Forrest. April 22d returned to Cairo and reached Memphis on the 23d. April 30th we were part of the bloodless and bootless expedition under Gen. Sturges to Somerville, Ripley, and back. June 1st Gen. Sturges started on the ill-fated Guntown expedition. On June 11th came the battle of Price's Cross-roads, and the retreat and disaster. You need not be told that this disaster was solely caused by the incompetency and cowardice of Sturges. July 15, you were in the Tupelo expedition, under A. J. Smith, and in the battle of Tupelo and two other battles, and always victorious. Major Rawson was mortally wounded in one of these battles. In August, 1864, you again marched to Holly Springs. In September you went by





steamers to Duvall's Bluff, Arkansas, thence through Arkansas to Cape Girardeau, Mo., thence to St. Louis, Jefferson City, and performed the great march after Price to Kansas. Returning you went to Nashville, and were conspicuous in the glorious battle of Nashville, December 15th and 16th, 1864, and in the pursuit to Eastport. The Seventy-second, its officers and men, was specially commended for great bravery and gallant conduct in this battle.

From Eastport we went by way of Cairo, Memphis and Vicksburg to New Orleans, and camped on the old battle-ground. Soon after we went on board the *Empire City* to Dauphin Island, near Fort Gaines, landing March 6th, 1865. March 20th, 1865, the movement on Spanish Fort, up Fish River, began, and we were in the front in all that seige, fighting and digging, until the evacuation on April 8th. Here Cyrus Wing was shot and Stanbury wounded, April 7th, 1865, while pulling the sheep-rack from our front. Wing was the last man killed in the war from the Seventy-second. In April we went to Montgomery, Ala.

On April 19th the official report of Lee's surrender reached us, and there was great rejoicing. On the 21st, at Greenville, a salute of 200 guns was fired, and an extra of the *Greenville Observer* was got out by the boys with all the late dispatches. We passed through Montgomery and Selma to Meridian, to garrison duty. After a long stay at Meridian, Miss., the regiment was ordered home for muster-out in September, 1865.

This reference to the part the Seventy-second took in the great conflict is necessarily very imperfect. Its history would fill a volume. At Vicksburg alone there were forty days of constant battle. The labor, marching and fighting done by the regiment from the commencement of the Vicksburg campaign are almost incredible. While its ranks were constantly depleted by battle and disease, the loss was in part made good by recruits, and to the end maintained a full regimental organization.

The men of the Seventy-second, although they fought many battles and made many hard marches, and many times suffered great privations and were without food, were always cheerful—never despondent. It is no exaggeration to say that most, if not all, enjoyed themselves. The boys had a knack of making the best of things. A homesick man can not live in the army, and in the latter days of the war homesickness was "played out."

We had a religion of our own, as a rule, for our chaplains all went home long before the war ended. Most of them did not stay a year, and our boys summed up the matter very shortly:



If they were to be shot they would not be hanged, and if there was any heaven, a soldier who had endured the things they had endured would be very liable to go there, no matter if he had never heard of a creed or a catechism.

We generally, I may say always, except at Guntown, had good, true and brave commanders.

But there were some sad days—when we counted our dead and wounded at Shiloh; when the remnant returned from Guntown; when, at Vicksburg and Jackson, one after another of our noble soldiers—tried and true—were wounded or killed, with no loving friends able to nurse or care for them, with only the rough ground beneath and the canopy of heaven over them; or when, as at Shiloh the night of April 6th, wounded and dying men were strewn thickly over miles of ground, crying aloud and in agony for water, while the rain fell like a flood, they lying there helpless, we powerless to assist. These things made the stoutest heart weaken, and one could realize the ravage, the desolation, the misery, the horrors, of war, and wish for the grand good time foretold in the prophecy, when men “shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks,” and not learn war any more.

While it would be a sad duty, yet I would gladly, if I could, gather the names of our dead, with the places where the mortal parts were buried. But this I can not do. Beginning at Shiloh, where our first dead lie, they will be found at every point of the compass, some at home, but many, very many, in far distant and unknown and unmarked graves. In Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, Indiana, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, almost all over our broad land are they scattered. Many died in prison after enduring privations and sufferings which can not be described.

But the saddest page in the history of the Seventy-second is that which tells of the blowing up of the Sultana. On this steamer were many of our regiment. They had fought bravely for country, they had undergone all the terrible suffering and lingering torture of the rebel prison, had survived all these, and had been paroled at Vicksburg. They were within twenty-four hours of Cairo, their hearts bounding with expectation and joy, their souls full of gratitude for their deliverance, while at home friends and kindred anxiously waited to greet them: but in a moment, by some criminal carelessness, a boiler explodes, the noble men go to the bottom, scalded and maimed, and a hundred hearts are crushed, a thousand fond hopes blasted.

Comrades, I thank you for this indulgence. Let us continue



to meet in our annual reunions. We may well be proud of the part we acted. One by one we are passing away, but in the history of our country our names shall be written. We will treasure the recollections of the past, and keep green the memory of our living and our dead, and those who survive us will do by those who were before them, as we have done by those who were before us.

We are all brothers. There is glory enough for all. The humblest soldier filled a place and performed a part just as essential as that of the highest officer. There are no degrees in the praise to be given.

And while we recount our acts, our marches, our battles, let us not forget that we are now simply citizens, each of us responsible, to some extent, for the government and prosperity of our great country. And as we did in war, in the great crisis of our country's history, so let us now

TRY TO DO WELL OUR PART.

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